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Vol. IV.—No. 147. MANCHESTER, Saturday, JUNE 3rd. Price One Penny.

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WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
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having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in the trade.
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Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
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DINING, LUNCHEON, AND SMOKING ROOMS.
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Pianofortes, Harmoniums, &c. on Sale or Hire;
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GENUINE SILENT WORKING SEWING MACHINES,
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Fresh supplies constantly received direct from the Springs.

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SODA WATER. | POTASS WATER.
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Cuff's (Thompstone's) Waters, being all carefully prepared of the purest ingredients, will be found reliable and decidedly superior beverages.
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Established 1801.

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PARCELS AND PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY TO ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE GROCERS.
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ONE DOSE RELIEVES, ONE BOTTLE CURES.
THE most certain Cure for Coughs, Bronchitis, &c., is PRATT'S "BLACK CHERRY COUGH CURE,"
13½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
Sold by J. Woolley and W. Mather; the Proprietor, G. W. PRATT, Cavendish Street; and all chemists in town and country.
"Every Genuine Bottle only bears this Trade Mark."

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES, 70, DEANSGATE.

MRS. ROBERT EYRE (late Miss Collier, of the White Bear Hotel), the WHEAT SHEAF HOTEL, Fennel Street, near the Victoria Station, and Royal Exchange. An Ordinary, Tuesdays and Fridays, at Half-past One.

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From £4 GUINEAS. Sews around Cuffs by means of an Arm, and Puts Sleeves in. AGENTS WANTED. 138, PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER.

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COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENTS,

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90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD

WHERE CAN BE SEEN THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN MANCHESTER.

A HOUSE COMPLETELY FURNISHED IN THREE DAYS.

DRAWING ROOM SUITES,

CONSISTING OF COUCH, LADIES' AND GENTS' CHAIRS, AND SIX SMALL CHAIRS IN REP,

£8. 8s. to 30 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES,

IN MAHOGANY, AND COVERED WITH BRITISH MOROCCO, COMPLETE,

FOR 10 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES, IN BEST MOROCCO, FROM 19 GUINEAS.

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CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

BEST BRUSSELS, 3s. 4d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d. BEST TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 2s. 4½d. to 2s. 11d. BEST KIDDERMINSTER, 1s. 8d. to 2s. 9d.

IRON BEDSTEADS, Full Size, 11s. 9d. to £6. WOOL BEDS, BOLSTERS, and PILLOWS, 16s. 6d. to 50s.
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THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d per box.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the

IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,

Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.

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PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by R. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED

EFFECTUALLY or no CHARGE.

W. H. JOHNSON & CO.,

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HOUSE PAINTERS, REPAIRERS OF PROPERTY, &c.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES. The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb parcels carriage paid to any part of the kingdom.

WEDDING CAKES.—Mr PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWR Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights re inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths Bridecake Ornaments.

Contractors for Wedding Breakfasts, Dinners Suppers, &c.—Menu and Price List forwarded.

For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epe Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Rout Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything requis entertainments.

18, ST. MARY'S GATE, EXCHANGE.

Now ready. Price One Penny.

SCHOOL BOARDS AND T EDUCATION ACT, in connection with Re and with the principles of the Liberation Society.

By the Rev. C. WHITAKER, B.A.

Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate. Lo F. PITMAN, Paternoster Row.

Fragrant Tooth Wash.—FLUODENTINE, or Liquid Dentifrice. See Dr. Ha
Report and Medical Testimony. INVALUABLE TO SMOKERS. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. a Bottle.- *Prepared at HAMP PHARMACY, 63, Piccadilly.*

OWENS COLLEGE AND MIDDLE-CLASS SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Your article on Owens College last week has hit a point of great importance. It needs but little acquaintance with that institution to know that it is not doing the proper work of a college; that properly three-fourths of what it is doing could be, and would be, much better done by good schools, if Owens College did not tempt boys away from them. To anyone acquainted with average school-boys, with their attainments (or rather want of attainment), and with their need of constant, close supervision and individual assistance, it is perfectly monstrous that an educational institution professing to undertake the higher education of this district should open its doors to all boys of fourteen who will come, fee in hand, to swell the number of "students," no matter how unprepared they may be to benefit by the higher training a college is supposed to give, and ought to give, to justify its existence. By admitting mere boys, without any preliminary examination whatever, Owens College gets a tolerably good muster roll, but at the expense of the schools of the district, and to the general detriment of sound thorough education. Looking all the facts steadily in the face, we may fearlessly say that while Owens College may be, and undoubtedly is, doing some good by its science classes, it is, on the other hand, doing great injury to the general middle-class education of Manchester and its neighbourhood. It does so thus. It takes boys from school long before they have anything like the culture students at college should have, and long before they have acquired the tastes or habits of students. Many, very many, of the boys at Owens College still need the strict discipline of school to get any work out of them, and need much personal supervision and assistance while at their work, to make them understand what they are about, and work up to their powers. Now Owens College does not profess to give all this, and really cannot do it. Work is given the boys to do, but they can please themselves about doing it, just as they please themselves whether they will attend the lectures or amuse themselve on the gymnasium. A consequence of this is that much valuable time is wasted which at school would be fully and profitably employed.

No doubt the vanity and superstitious notions of parents and scholars have much to do with this. Parents are prouder of saying their boys go to "college" than to "school," and boys themselves prefer being called "Mr." to plain "Tom" or "George," and considered "students" rather than "school-boys." Then there is the mischievous notion that boys must learn more at a "college," where all the teachers are "professors," than at "school," where they are mere "assistants;" and this combination of vanity and superstition takes boys away from places where they must work and are generally getting good, to send them where work is optional and waste of time pretty certain.

Turning from the mischief Owens College does, let us see for a moment what good it might do. By raising the minimum age of admission to sixteen, and not admitting even then without a satisfactory preliminary examination, it would raise the character of middle-class education throughout the large district from which it draws its supplies. The boys going there would get a more complete school training, they would profit more by the higher culture of the college, the professors would have more congenial employment, and the college would be doing college work well, and not mere school work inefficiently. True such regulations would diminish the number on the roll, but then the trustees and professors ought to have a higher ambition than that of having a large number of half-prepared youths; and from what I know of some of the professors, a change that would bring them a smaller quantity but much better quality of material to work upon would be more in consonance with the feelings, and more in accordance with their notions of what a true "college" ought to be, than the present mode of admission, which simply fills the place with the rawest of the raw material. I am, sir, yours truly,

T. F.

Manchester, May 30, 1871.

GLEANINGS FROM "GUARDIAN" THE FIRST.

II.

PURSUING our scrutiny of the advertisement columns of the old *Guardian* of fifty years ago, we perceive almost immediately underneath the appeal of Dicky Roberts to his friends and constituents, that of another leader whose name has become identified with Manchester and whose kinsman is now by virtue of his office, the first gentleman in the great County Palatine of Lancaster. A lop-sided representation of the Royal arms over the advertisement in question surmounts an intimation from John Watts that he is agent for Urling's Lace; that he is also draper, silk mercer, laceman, and glover, under the patronage of the royal family, No. 272, Deansgate. We have no means of tracing Urling, or of testing the quality of his lace, but if he had seen the High Sheriff's procession at the last Lent assizes he would have rubbed his eyes and have probably used the familiar expression of "My eyes?" with an imaginary note of interrogation behind them. Sir James Who? Sir James What? State carriage? State Church clergyman? Armed men, and an almost endless procession of carriages? Urling, mon cher, you had better wrap the mantle of darkness around you, and go back to the place from whence you came! But prior to starting on your return voyage just read what John Watts said about your lace, Anno Domini 1821:—

It is scarcely necessary to descant upon the peculiar beauties and excellences of this manufacture, in some points rising superior to the most valuable foreign lace; as its exquisite clearness and transparency, its beautiful colour and durability (all of which it retains after repeated washing) are well known and fully appreciated by all who have worn the *Genuine Article*.

We almost see the Lancashire witches of that day going in and out of 272, Deansgate, whilst Mr. Joseph Gale and Mr. Richard Hoskins and the wits of that time are remarking to them that it is the Urling customer that catches all the best lace. Perchance some dear old grandmamma who then bought "Urling's lace" at the Deansgate counter may read these lines, and reading may revive for a moment or two the memories of her bright youth-time. But, whether or not, let us give three cheers for John Watts and also for James of that ilk, and may hard work always have the reward of merit. We have known other John Wattses come up out of Deansgate to do good service to this community, and, perhaps, the Free Library and the Botanical Gardens, nay, even the altered shape and complexion of the *Guardian* itself, may be called into the box in confirmation of our statement. We shall hope, by-and-bye, to put the School Board on the same string of honourable beads.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the SUN FIRE OFFICE advertised in the first *Guardian*, and referred to Robert Duck as its agent in this city. We many of us remember Mr. Duck, and the portly happiness of his presence. He seems to have been pretty active in this city fifty years ago, since we find him as Churchwarden summoning the "Ley Payers of the said township" to have "the accounts of the Constables of Manchester" laid before them, "at the Parish table in the Collegiate Church." Robert Andrew and Henry Newberry were associated with Mr. Duck as Churchwarden; and as Overseers, Robert Bowker and William Welsby. This advertisement is dated April 30th, 1820,—more than one *year* before the *Guardian* was first printed,—

but whether this was an error of the press in 1821 or in 1871, or whether it is an error at all, we cannot say.

Amongst the "*To let*" advertisements the following is curious, from its mixture of incongruous materials:—

TO LET.

A warehouse, very suitable for a dealer in Twist or Weft, situate in Newmarket-lane. Also two seats in Trinity Chapel, Salford.

Perhaps if the advertiser had used the word yarn as short for Twist and Weft, the seats in Trinity Chapel would have appeared more appropriately placed in this announcement.

We had always been under the impression that the poetical advertisements of tradesmen were a product of modern genius, chiefly promoted by the people who aforetime hung their harps on the willows by the Babylonian waters. This, ladies and gentlemen, appears to be an egregious error, for if you will do us the honour of referring to your first *Guardian*, price sevenpence, [though retailed on the 5th May last, by the free urchins of this city at one shilling each, and still they were not happy] you will find that one half century ago, Michael Peacock, Wellington House, 270, Deansgate, headed his advertisement of varied Hosiery and linen Drapery by twenty-four lines of poesy of a descriptive character, commencing

At Peacock's new shop you may certainly find
In silk, wool or cotton cheap hose to your mind;
We make them so cheap that we've thousands of dozens,
To half give away to our friends and their cousins.
Our fine cotton stockings, as white as the snow,
'Tis really surprising we sell them so low.

At the next line the Bard appears to have flung his foot-rule over a wall, for he goes on unevenly as follows:

And when you compare with those in your possession,
They will make you exclaim—'This has taught me a lesson!"

Here the Bard ought to have said

And if you try anywhere else I shall go into a violent pession.

But advertisements then paid 3s. 6d. duty to His Majesty's Government, and brevity was desirable.

At the right hand corner of the first page the *Guardian* ever printed, we come upon the following, which is interesting enough to many people now, and especially to those who so recently stood by the grave of good old Alderman Harvey, who, for aught we know, may have had something to do with this announcement:

This day is published,
Price 3s. 6d. in boards,

A new system of VEGETABLE COOKERY, with an instruction recommending abstinence from ANIMAL FOOD and INTOXICATING LIQUORS. The Second Edition; by a member of the Society of Bible Christians.

We see from this how weary the crusade has been against beef and beer, both of which are still fashionable, and both of which are still affected even by virtuous people. The time for recommendation would now appear to be past, and unlike the Bible Christians of that day, those of this year of grace advocate compulsion. But beef and beer are such very hard nuts to crack that possibly all the teeth of this generation may be gone before the operation has been successful. Looking back upon the gentle suasive example of men like Joseph Brotherton and William Harvey, we cannot conscientiously say that teetotalism has gained in the character of its advocates, even if we throw in the mildness of a Barker or the soothing syrup of a Steinthal, though we feel sincerely that both the latter gentlemen mean to do the thing which they believe to be right. But then a philanthropist at your throat is as likely to be stifling and choking as a muffler when pulled too tight.

Underneath the Vegetable Cookery the Rev. William Cowherd, minister of Christ Church, Salford, has an advertisement (by deputy of course) of one of his posthumous works—one quarto volume, price £1. 5s., in boards, "containing upwards of six thousands extracts illustrative of the sacred Scriptures, from nearly one thousand different authors, besides his own remarks." Upon the whole a cheap publication we should say.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S NEW PLAY, "ELFIE."

AN "entirely new drama, by Dion Boucicault," entitled *Elfie, or the Cherry Tree Inn*, was produced at the Prince's Theatre on Monday evening. This play, the principal characters of which—to continue the language of the play-bill—are performed by the author's "star company," has for some time been acted at the leading provincial theatres. If it is not equal to Mr. Boucicault's excellent Irish dramas, *The Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*, it is at least a very effective melo-drama, and has the merits of being exceedingly well acted.

Mr. Boucicault's dramas of this class scarcely admit of detailed description. To narrate the plot spoils the interest to the spectator. They abound in surprises, incidents, sensations, and climaxes. Mr. Boucicault's ingenuity and perfect knowledge of stage effect seldom fail him; and an accurate acquaintance with the plot and progress of his dramas spoils the interest in them, just as a previous knowledge of the intricacies of one of Mr. Wilkie Collins's tales would detract from the interest of the novel. Suffice it to say that Dr. Aircastle, a country practioner and experimental chemist, who fancies that he has discovered a method of making diamonds, has a fair daughter Rose, who is in love with and beloved by Bob Evans, an honest sailor, who has a mate—Joe Chirrup, a blind seaman—who had previously saved his life, and lost his sight in the act. A scoundrel Deepcar also loves Rose, and endeavours, with the aid of Sadlove, another scoundrel, and an exhibitor of waxwork figures, to circumvent Bob. Elfie, the cook, housemaid, barmaid, boots and general factotum of the Cherry Tree Inn, beloved by Joe Chirrup, is the good and unsophisticated spirit of the drama, who in her turn mars the machinations of, and turns the tables upon, the villains, and everything ends happily, as it ought to do in melo-drama, with the reward of the virtuous, and the discomfiture of the wicked. How the robbery and attack upon the landlord of the Cherry Tree Inn are concocted and effected we shall not reveal, but leave it to our own readers to go and find out for themselves; and how these damnable intentions are frustrated by Elfie and honest Joe Chirrup, we recommend those who like to see criminals brought to justice to go and see the process with their own eyes.

Mr. Boucicault when he produces a new play always takes care that it shall be well acted, and herein lies much of his success. Every actor and actress are well fitted for their parts, and the performance of *Elfie*, as played at the Prince's Theatre, could scarcely be surpassed. Miss Lydia Foote, a young lady well known on the London stage, and who created a most favourable impression when she appeared here with Miss Marie Wilton in Mr. T. W. Robertson's *Caste* has the principal character, that of Elfie, allotted to her, and, although it is out of her usual line, makes a great deal of it. Miss Foote is a genuine actress, and performs the character with much force, humour, and feeling. Mr. H. Neville, who comes from a theatrical family well known in Lancashire, has not much scope for his abilities, but, in the part of Bob Evans, pourtrays the hearty sailor with his usual good taste. There is an honest salt-water bluntness about Bob and his comrade, Joe Chirrup, which is very refreshing, and which at once enlists the sympathies of the audience. Mr. W. Rignold gives a forcible representation of the stalwart Joe Chirrup, the chary, hearty, blind sailor, whose faith in his mate Bob Evans, no evidence, however damnatory, can shake. Mr. W. Rignold, who is the counterfeit presentment of his brother George, lately of the Theatre Royal, played the part of Joe with much pathos and rugged power, and looked the seaman to the life. The peculiarities of a blind man were also depicted with much skill. Mr. Parselle was equally successful as Dr. Aircastle. He reminds us very much of the late Mr. Tilbury—"the Bishop of the Haymarket"—and his make-up as the bluff good-hearted old visionary, who thought he could convert inferior stones into rubies and diamonds, was in excellent taste. Another old favourite, Mr. W. Holston, formerly of our

Theatre Royal, appeared as Filey, the landlord of the Cherry Tree, money-lender and miser, and acquitted himself very well. As Rose Aircastle, Miss Emily Fowler had little to do, except to look very pretty, which she did without an effort. As the villain Deepcar, photographer and wax-modeller. Mr. F. B. Warde had an up-hill part to perform, but he got through it with credit. On the other hand, Mr. Wainwright, as the cadging showman, had a part in which he absolutely revelled, and with difficulty could keep himself within bounds. Since he played the old Cumberland yeoman, in *Handsome Is That Handsome Does*, Mr. Wainwright has not had a part which suits him so well, and he availed himself of the opportunity afforded him, and was completely successful. Miss Claude deserves a word of praise for her representation of a deaf old woman.

FAILURE OF SPIRITUALISM IN MANCHESTER.

SPIRITUALISTS, notwithstanding the refining nature of their intercourse with the unseen inhabitants of the unseen world, appear to be afflicted with the common vanities of ordinary humanity, and love to be the subject of public comment. They seem to prefer even the sarcastic animadversions of the unbelieving critic to the inglorious obscurity of total neglect. Like most egotists, and people of one idea, they are, however, somewhat unreasonable, as witness certain editorial utterances in the last number of the publication which sports the queer title of *The Medium and Daybreak*. We extract the following paragraph from its spiritual pages :—

"Mrs. Hardinge has delivered, up to the present date (May 24), three orations in Manchester, equal, if not superior, to any previously given by this gifted lady ; and yet, so far, not a word of notice, either commendatory or critical, has the press of this city bestowed upon her lectures on Spiritualism. A reporter from the *Examiner* was present at the opening oration, and took notes ; but it would appear that his report has been suppressed. Whether this silence arises from fear or indifference, it is equally ignoble. It is another proof that the boasted freedom of the newspaper press is a pretence. One effect of this exclusiveness will be to make spiritualists value more highly their own organs of information."

This is rather hard upon the *Examiner*, which, in this instance, does not appear to us to have sinned very grievously. Ordinary mortals will say that it was very fair on the part of the *Examiner* to send a representative, and not condemn Mrs. Hardinge unheard ; and that the exclusion of the report was really an exercise of the "boasted freedom of the newspaper press"—freedom to be free when it likes from tall talk and too trite utterances. But our spiritual contemporary cannot see this side of the question. Full, perhaps, of ardent thoughts and strong indignations, it never occurs to him that it is just possible that the *Examiner* was of opinion that the "oration" of the "gifted lady" was not likely to prove either interesting or instructive to its readers.

But *The Medium and Daybreak* can say harder things than are contained even in the withering sentences we have quoted. After giving a slight attention to business in the sapient sentence which terminates the quotation, the inspired editor passes from the press to the people of Manchester. With a sinking heart we read his opinion of us. "'Spiritualism and the Sciences' was the subject of Mrs. Hardinge's third oration. Strange to say, the attendance was not numerous. Probably the attractive and interesting nature of these orations has not been sufficiently made known in this beclouded city, where money-getting and gambling seem to be the pursuits of the greater part of the people." Are not all our readers who did not visit the Assembly Room in the Free-Trade Hall last week when Mrs. Hardinge was speaking ashamed of themselves? Perhaps the meaning of the passage will be a little clearer if we put it in the form of a syllogism. All people who do not go to hear Mrs. Hardinge are money-getters and gamblers. The people of Manchester did not go to hear Mrs. Hardinge. Therefore, the people of Manchester are money-getters and gamblers. It reminds us of the words of the indignant poet in the *Old Curiosity Shop*—

> If I knew a donkey who wouldn't go
> To see Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show,
> Would I speak to that donkey, Ah ! no ! no !
> Then go to Jarley's.

The fact is that Spiritualism, as represented by table-rapping, dark seances, and "inspirational oratory," does not appear to be successful in Manchester. We can exonerate the people who had charge of the advertising of Mrs. Hardinge's "orations" from the imputation cast upon them in *The Medium and Daybreak*. All that could be done by means of big placards was done. But we are a scientific and practical community ; and having had such unfavourable reports of the spirit-doings from men of learning and judgment, we feel little temptation to join in the freaks of a race of beings who, so far, have employed themselves principally in displacing furniture and disturbing the wits of sensible people.

OUR GROCER.

WE first became acquainted with grocers in consequence of certain periodical visits which we made in obedience to the powers which ruled over our juvenile life to a celebrated tea and coffee establishment. During those visits we used to stand with our chin resting on the counter, lost in admiration of the expert manner in which our friend on the other side of the mahogany made up the little parcels which constituted the object of our presence. At the same period of our existence we resolved to develop in course of time into a grocer, the prospect of a life spent amidst an inexhaustible collection of raisins and currants being to us the prospect of subline happiness. It was not until we were fairly embarked in what is called "the stern business of life" that we came to know Our Grocer.

We shall, perhaps, best give our readers a first idea of what Our Grocer is by saying what he is not. He is then not a slim young gentleman, calculated to charm the eyes of the fair, but a stout middle-aged man who wears an immense apron. He is not a sensational speculator, but a citizen of weight ; the head of a household, a Methodist and a "class-leader." He never announces that he will give away ten thousand glass sugar-basins amongst the purchasers of three shillings' worth of provisions. The public sometimes see advertisements, handbills, and what not, announcing the arrival of an immense cargo of Buddha Hong-Kong, or of an incredible consignment of the New Punjaub Tea, which are said to be capable of astonishing everybody, and which certainly do astonish purchasers. These announcements do not emanate from Our Grocer. Our Grocer does not introduce novelties, nor has he plantations in China or elsewhere. He sells similar goods now to those he sold years ago, and at the same or higher prices. Budget after budget may have passed through the House of Commons, tax after tax have been repealed, Our Grocer is conservative, and his motto is "prices once up, keep them up." True, he has a tea at three shillings the pound, which he says is the same that he formerly sold at four ; and a tea at four shillings which he says was once sold at five. But we fancy that we know better, having tried them. One thing at least is certain, viz., that though the various qualities are said occasionally to descend a scale in cost, the top price never disappears from the list. But this is an anomaly not peculiar to the practices of Our Grocer.

Our Grocer is somewhat tyrannical. He will have his own way in all matters, and particularly in all disputes, whatever consequences you may threaten him with. It may be thought that his unbending nature sometimes loses him custom. There are, however, more weak-minded than strong-minded people in the world, and the former are far more surely enslaved by a ruling spirit than by a suave and courteous deportment. Besides, Our Grocer has somewhat of a monopoly. We live in a suburb, and competition does not trouble anybody much. Our Grocer's establishment, moreover, resembles an American store. You can get almost any article you want there, excepting ironmongery and drapery. Our Grocer will sell anything by which, to use his own words, he can turn an honest penny. Thus, as he is sure to have something that you want, and as it is no use being at war at all unless you completely renounce all commerce with him, a state of feud does not last long. English people are a much enduring race.

Our Grocer is very obliging if he knows you—that is, if he knows you to be trustworthy in a pecuniary sense. In that case he would rather not trouble you to pay cash, but prefers to send you in bills at irregular intervals. He keeps his books on the system of double entry. Thus it is no uncommon occurrence to receive, some six weeks after you have paid an account, a fresh copy of the same account for you to pay over again. We find it a cheap plan always to keep our receipts. He is not

urgent in demanding payment, however, or even importunate in reminding us of unsettled transactions. Sometimes his bills are sent in apparently so long after the delivery of the viands that our jackal has no recollection of having ever made the purchases to which they refer. Thus our acquaintance with Our Grocer has deeply impressed us with a consciousness of the treacherous nature of the human memory.

Notwithstanding his censors Our Grocer thrives. He has a large shop and is already wealthy. Indeed, even the grumblers continue to trade with him. This is curiously illustrated by the following fact. It is asserted that the rice which he sells at sixpence the pound is old stuff which can be bought at any respectable shop in the city at twopence for the same quantity. But the ladies who make the assertion continue to buy Our Grocer's rice. The convenience of having a grocer so near home must be paid for, and ladies who are in the hands of servants and children appreciate such a convenience. Our Grocer is allowed to possess one good quality even by his fiercest detractors. They say that he never cheats the poor, but add that it is because the poor watch him too closely.

POLITICAL BILLIARDS.

WE observe that five Conservatives of Ardwick have been playing a billiard match with five dittos of Hulme. Why should there be this contest in the ranks? Surely it would be better for five Conservatives to contend with five Radicals, with a Whig, if there is one left, to score the game. Indeed this seems to open up a new way of settling things. We might settle our political representation in that way. Sir Thomas and Mr. Birley might be considered "in" at the next election, and Mr. Jacob Bright, the "minority" member, might take his cue from his brother, the Right Honourable John, who is said to be able to give points to a lot, which may be true, as we have always heard he had many good points about him. Jacob would, of course, have to hold his weapon against all comers, who would have to be selected by a committee instructed to exclude all billiard sharps, markers, ladies, and amateur professionals.

The principle of these contests might be carried even into "the House," where the floor is quite large enough for a table. The Premier is certainly described as unwilling to fight, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be glad of any facility for getting into the pocket, though he has made several losing hazards of late. Judging from the attempted match tax, Mr. Lowe is probable partial to the American game. He says he finds it impossible to "screw back" with an old indirect taxation ball.

Mr. Disraeli, as a supporter of the crown, has always found himself too near the cushion to do much good, but his promise is said to be enormous. We think, however, that he has not been very successful at the Board of Green Cloth. There would, if our idea were acted on, be an annual contest in Parliament, as there is now at Wimbledon, between the Lords and Commons, and the University Tests Bill would be simply a match between the two Alma Maters, if our classical friends will allow us to call them so.

In Paris, where the cannon game has been played for some time, M. Thiers seems at last to have got in off the Red, so that the game would seem to be changing. But "the four-ball" game will never take here. Even the pawnbrokers, we are told, are willing to play the public at the three-ball game any day, except Friday afternoon, all the year round.

SOME GOOD THINGS.

[FROM AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.]

I have always noticed that when an individual has not the ability to criticize judiciously, he damns indiscriminately.

What is Fame? I call it climbing a greasy pole to win a purse of ten dollars, and spoiling a suit of clothes worth fifteen in doing it.

I know of one good way to find happiness. You should not bore a hole to fit the plug, but make a plug to fit the hole.

About one-half the pity in this world is not the result of sorrow, but of satisfaction that it is not our horse that has broken his leg.

There are lots of people who are like pumps, not of any use to themselves, but simply handles and suction for others.

Fortune is like a mirror—it does not alter men, it only shows them just as they are.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

WHAT IS CRITICISM?

A VERY common notion or vulgar error is that criticism means, in all cases and without exception, censure. The word comes from a Greek root, which signifies to discern, to decide, to judge. The writer of an interesting essay on Criticism in Common Life, in the last number of the *Saturday Review*, notices another error concerning criticism—namely, that it ought to be restricted to literature and art; whereas it is just as valuable in the concerns of every-day life, and is quite as much needed there. Criticism, says the *Saturday*, "is properly, as its etymology shows, nothing more than a winnowing of the wheat from the chaff, a separating of essentials from non-essentials, and, consequently, a discrimination between what is necessary and what is unnecessary, and between what is humbug and what is not humbug." As to common things, there are a vast number of people who actually live upon the confusion of ideas in other people's minds—upon the dulness of the critical faculty in the general public; for, says our author, "confusion of ideas merely arises from a suspension of criticism." Were it not for the absence of critical power on the part of large sections of the people, rogues, impostors, dodgers, and obtainers of money under pretences could not live. Puffery, again, like roguery, quackery, and humbug, exists because people never think of bringing the critical faculty into play on ordinary occasions. As for criticism on literature, painting, music, the drama, sports, pastimes, and public affairs, none is of value unless the critic is a thoroughly competent expert. This probably reads like an obvious truism, but, unfortunately, journalism and the platform show that it is rarely acted upon.

THE WEATHER AND THE BEASTS.

As the hot-weather approaches, we have again to solicit our readers' personal interference, when necessary, on behalf of the brute creation. Particularly every Tuesday is it needed. Tuesday is the cattle market day, and the streets are full of wretched animals being driven to the slaughter-house with often the most odious barbarity. An exhausted bullock, which had dropped down on the pavement last Tuesday week was compelled to rise by the young fiend of fifteen who was driving it, by the expedient of introducing chewed tobacco in its eyes. The beast, which groaned more like a human being than a bullock, staggered a few paces to and fro, and then dropped down again upon the stones. We only just arrived upon the scene in time to prevent a repetition of the atrocity. It is no use lamenting the brutality of drovers. They are brought up to barbarity. A drover's education is simply an initiation into various diabolical practices. Here was a young devil twisting round the tail, and pinching the tenderest parts of a poor dead-beat animal that had come perhaps a hundred miles in a railway truck and had not had a drop of water or a bite of food for hours, whilst his companion thrashed it in the ribs and legs, and bellowed in its ears. It is lamentable, however, and ought to be lamented, that such practices are silently permitted in the very centre of an English crowd.

THE DERBY AND OAKS.

Baron Rothschild's success in winning both the Derby and Oaks last week created the greatest excitement among those of his own faith in the city of London, and also amongst the Gentiles at Newmarket where his training quarters are. Baron Rothschild, who is not, as is generally supposed, the member for the City, but his brother who represents Hythe in Parliament, and is the owner of that princely residence Mentmore, Bucks, races entirely for sport and not for gain; and, as is always the case under similar circumstances, his success was very popular. For years he has been trying to win the Derby, but although he has twice been second with King Tom, and that horse's son, King Alfred, this is the first time he has been successful. Now fortune comes "with both hands full," and gives him also the Oaks with his filly Hannah, named after his daughter. Favonius the Derby winner, and Hannah, are closely related, the filly being [illegible] to Zephyr, the colt's dam. The late Lord Derby tried nearly all his life to win this race, called after his ancestor, but was never successful. Mr. Merry, who has produced more Derby favourites than almost any other owner of horses, and been repeatedly second and third, has only won once with Thormanby. On the other hand Mr. Bowes and Sir Joseph

Hawley have each won the Derby four times, and Mr. I'Anson, with a very small stud of horses, has been successful. The twice newly-amended betting act, if it passes, which it is certain to do, will come into force in October, and will no doubt have a great effect in curtailing betting. Independently of this, however, the national sport will continue, and a nation can have many worse qualities and customs than a love of horses and horse-racing. Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., who never opens his mouth upon the subject without talking nonsense, never proposes putting a stop to the University boat race, and yet there is a great deal of speculation upon that annual event, and a considerable number of concomitant abuses in consequence. Before British out-door sports are suppressed, we should like to know what is to be substituted. The vampires and parasites who prey on the public in connection with horse-racing we should only be too glad to see extirpated.

SUNDAY READING ROOMS.

In our advocacy for the opening of reading rooms on Sundays we have found an unlooked-for ally, and from an unexpected quarter. At the late division of the Salford Town Council on the subject of opening the Greengate Free Library on Sundays, many Churchmen supported the motion; but we were not prepared for the initiative being taken by one of the city churches. This, however, is the case, although perhaps we should only claim the alliance with ourselves in a qualified sense. Saint Mary's Church, Deansgate, has opened its school-room in Albert Street as a reading room on Sunday evenings from the hour at which Divine service closes until ten o'clock. This is a spirited act on the part of the powers that be at that whilom well attended but now obsolete and deserted place of worship. The advertisement announcing the opening of the reading room is a curiosity in its way, and runs thus:—

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DEANSGATE.—The Sunday School, Albert Street, OPENED as a READING-ROOM after EVENING SERVICE on Sundays, until ten o'clock. The selection of pamphlets, periodicals, and picture-books made on principles furthering God's glory.—Admission free, and the invitation most heartily addressed to anybody in the name of Christ.—J. G. SCHLER.

The phraseology of the advertisement savours somewhat of narrowness, and considering the signature attached to it rather surprises us. The apostolic injunction—"Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," appears to have been overlooked. We presume, indeed we have been told, that the books which are to be read are confined to what are generally but not very accurately termed "religious books." It would be difficult to define what are religious and what are secular books, but whether the St. Mary's books are entirely of a "goody" nature or not, we have no desire to be hypercritical about the matter, and we cannot but commend the opening of the room to the public on Sunday evenings as a courageous and praiseworthy act. Perhaps after this example the municipal authorities may take heart of grace, and give respectable working men the opportunity of reading good and useful books on the only day when they have leisure to do so.

MR. HALLE AND MR. DE JONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—As a musician, I should like to be allowed to say a word or two in reply to some of G's remarks in your last issue, in order to show how Mr. Hallé's plan of procedure affects the profession, and the light in which it is regarded by many who have been members of his orchestra. In the first place it is wrong to assume, as G appears to do, that the local players receive higher payment from Mr. Hallé than they could by any other engagement. Mr. Hallé has doubtless a perfect right to say to these musicians whom he brings from London, and to whom he pays sufficiently high terms to make it worth their while to stay in Manchester during the season—"You must not accept another engagement"—though it must not be forgotten that the engagement at the Concert Hall is held out to some of them as an additional inducement to accept his. But why should the resident players be prevented from accepting engagements by which they would improve their pecuniary position? Why, if they give up their Thursdays to Mr. Hallé, should he lay an embargo on their Saturday evenings? To me it seems an entirely unprecedented and wholly unwarrantable proceeding. "Mr. Hallé has trained an orchestra," says your correspondent, "which is now renowned throughout the country." Trained an orchestra, quotha! Why most of the artists, if not all, who have given fame and repute to the band were known and appreciated in the musical world long before Mr. Hallé was heard of in Manchester. I need not name names. A certain amount of precision is doubtless due to the fact of their having played for many seasons together, but to say that Mr. Hallé "trained" these gentlemen, or that he has acquired any monopoly in their abilities simply because they elected to perform in his orchestra, is a monstrous assumption, which is indignantly resented by many others besides your obedient servant,

A JONGLEUR AND EX-HALLE-ITE.

May 30, 1871.

LANCASHIRE *v.* DERBYSHIRE.

It is scarcely expressive enough to say that the first match played by the Lancashire County Club this season ended in a defeat. To be beaten by a county almost unknown in the annals of cricket, and to be beaten in one innings, changes the defeat into a rout and a disgrace. Something very like bad faith must be laid to the charge of the Lancashire men. At least half-a-dozen of the very best men of the county, who had been announced to take part in the match, never put in an appearance; and their places had to be filled by players whom to call fair representatives of Lancashire would be gross flattery. The Lancashire display was dispiriting in the extreme. That six wickets were down for five runs, and that the first innings closed for a grand total of 25 are, as advertisements say, facts that speak for themselves. The weather and the attendance were not less wretched than the cricket.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE BOWLER.

IT is of the Bowling-green and not of the Cricket-field that I desire to speak in this paper. The time of the singing of birds has come, and the merry, merry Bowler of middle age and "fair round belly with good capon lined"—poising himself gracefully on one leg, like a mature Mercury, somewhat bulgy about the equator—makes an obeisance to the four quarters of the globe as if he were in a circus, and thus expresses in pantomime the idea that he is about to commence operations for the season. I am aware that this is not usual with every bowler, but all the well-conducted ones, all the classic bowlers do it in commemoration of the Olympian frolics of the ancients. I confess I do not adopt this prelude myself, as I always find the ordinary habit of using both legs the best preservative of a moderate equilibrium; but previous to throwing the discus—if I may be allowed to call it so—for the first time during the bowling season, I kiss my hand to Nature as a whole, as much as to say "Begone dull care" for we will go a Maying.

As there is something lightsome in bowling, so there is something toothsome in the tea with which we always hansel the new bowling season. If I have a fault to find with that entertainment it is that there is rather too much stress laid upon mustard and cress as a leading instrument in the symphony. The late Nebuchadnezzar after his lengthened sojourn amongst the beasts might have found raw mustard and cress a refreshing condiment. To me it is an entertainment which palls too soon upon the appetite. Still it is said to be a good thing to bowl on, and so for that matter is grass, but who would be so unreasonable on that account as to ask you to eat a portion of the bowling green? Yet I have seen Neddy Bobley of our club put mustard and cress into his mouth as if he were pitching hay into a fodder-bin, but then he wore no braces, but only a belt. I have generally noticed that braces are incompatible with the free use of mustard and cress, as they interfere with an agile upspringing of the system commonly denominated amongst athletics, the Excelsior movement. We have very few lean kine in our bowling club—we mostly belong to the opposite faction, and in ecclesiastical physics would be denominated the broad church. We have a few

masts and spars, it is true, and they bend gracefully to their work under easy sail, and when they stoop to pick up a ball, they have the appearance of merry-thoughts. I don't find this stooping movement very comfortable myself, as it always appears to drive the life-blood to my ears with great velocity. Nevertheless, in the natural grace of the bowling attitude I don't think I am deficient, a neat flannel jacket throwing out the promontories of the human frame with surprising sharpness, like knolls in the clear evening air. Incongruous as the association may seem, I oftentimes feel in that costume like a Jack-tar defending our wooden walls, and placed in that picturesque position popularly known as abaft the binnacle. Seriously, I cannot think that tailed-coats conduce to a high state of physical development.

We meet,—our society is known as the Robin Redbreasts,—at four o'clock every Thursday during the season, tea being served at six punctually, by which time most of the Redbreasts are present, and after which the most exciting contests occur. Then may be heard the brisk war-whoops of the noble game—"He is narrowed," or "I am narrowed," "No legs, by Jove!" "Too merry, by Jingo!" "We are two in, bowl wide," or "Give him a wide berth," "Come quietly in Smithers between Balsam and the Old Horse," and so on. I should explain that the Old Horse is a veterinary surgeon, so called because he will use technical terms, and allude to his fellow creatures as being "roarers" or "spavined." To see Smithers following his bowls, preceded by his eyes, which protrude most frightfully from his head, as if he had intended to project them at the Jack instead of his "woods," as he calls them, is a study for the keenest physiologist. Similarly it is refreshing to see "the old horse"—whose legs are neatly bowed by devotion to the pigskin—running after his "woods," and turning his arm in the direction he desires the bowl to follow, as if that pantomime would affect the unconscious projectile. Occasionally, when luck or his own skill is at fault, "the old Horse" neighs out some frightful anathemas, and calls his "wood" a dashed broken-winded brute, and so on. We have rarely any differences; superficially, at least, good fellowship is the rule. True, there is in this, as in all other societies, an under-current of depreciation which seasons the entertainment and makes it human. You gain the information that Bleater, for instance, is a scrub, and has not paid his subscription; that Tipstaff's relations with Mrs. T. occasionally broaden out into the indulgence by that lady of ardent spirits; that the credit of Pwlly Crychn, the Welshman, might be better if he did not back racehorses; and that Honduras, the foreigner, had played whist before to-night. Don't we all do this kind of thing; and is it not, for the most part, harmless? Who, in the long run, suffers from it? The man you have asked to dinner you abuse behind his back—abuse with this small shot of depreciation, and yet you are glad to see him, and forget in his society the hard words that you and other dear friends have set current against him. Nay, even when the dinner is over, you question whether the wine which you have praised is paid for, or whether if paid for, he can really afford it. It is the way of the world, and for the most part a harmless way. If you get blamed unjustly, I am satisfied that very often you get praised on the same terms. So let us take the black and the white together, my boys, for the time cometh too surely when praise and blame will be all alike to the best and the worst of us. The most incisive tongue is more bent upon flattering its owner than in doing injury to the person attacked. We do not love him the less, but ourselves the more.

In our club of the Robin Redbreasts we have some veterans, old boys of seventy and upwards, who are as keen about their points as the tyro who has just joined, and who stick at it like good ones until the evening shades prevail, and even then will not succumb but make a jack out of a stable lantern. To me the good spirits of these jolly old bricks are exceedingly grateful, for there is a hearty mellowness about them uncommonly refreshing. Now that the summer sunshine is coming round again, I am reminded of a pleasant party, convened every season for a day's bowling at Cheetham Hill, on a private ground, where the central figure of the group was a grand old bowler of more than eighty summers, who laughed, and bowled, and chaffed his nephews, and pocketed his sixpences with the zest of half those years, and whose mighty framework appeared to imbibe the sunshine and the sweet air like the trees which made music over his head. He illustrated Napoleon's description of the Waterloo veterans, for he never knew when he had had enough, and I have known him bowl at a stable lantern until his shirt sleeves were wet with falling dew. The group still survives, but the central figure is no longer there. He sleeps the sleep which knows no waking in Todmorden churchyard. The golden bowl is broken and the wheel is broken at the cistern, the lantern light is out, and the dews in the Yorkshire valleys fall upon a game which is ended.

ALL ROUND THE PEAK.

1.—MOTTRAM IN LONGDENDALE TO HAYFIELD.

> How divine the liberty
> To roam at large among unpeopled glens
> And mountainous retirements only trod
> By devious footsteps, regions consecrate
> To oldest time!—WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

IT may be because our life has been spent mostly in the plains and our home walks have been among cultivated fields that we have always looked with longing eyes to the hills, and have escaped thither whenever we have had the opportunity. For the moorlands, too, we have ever had a great affection, and can sympathize with Sir Walter Scott when he said that he must see the heather once a year or he would die, and with Charlotte Brontë when she brought Mrs. Gaskell to her moorland home to see the heath in full bloom on the Yorkshire hills. Fortunately for the dweller in our city it is an easy matter to satisfy a craving of this sort. A brief railway ride and the hills are all before us where to choose.

Selecting Derbyshire as the scene of operations, especially that portion of it known as the High Peak, we arm ourselves with the necessary ordnance maps and set out upon our journey. We leave the railway as soon as we can with advantage, and commence our walk in that narrow strip of Cheshire which runs up between the counties of Lancaster, York, and Derby, known as Longdendale. We have come no more than nine miles from town when we alight at Godley, and turn our steps towards Mottram. We walk between stone walls along a windy dale of undulating pasture land, bordered by hills which increase in magnitude as we advance; broken by dells, and marked by watercourses that have their origin in the great watershed of which it is the entrance. Along this valley, from Woodhead at its farther extremity, the water supply for the city is brought and stored. Once wild moorland, it still retains traces of an ungenial climate and an unkindly soil. The trees, especially the oaks, are small and stunted. Here and there are patches of gorse, and in the hedgerows for the shelter of sheep in the uplands are wind-blown ragged hollies. To the right in the distance the hills open out into pleasant valleys, well watered and wooded. In front, on high ground in the centre of the dale, the grey stone village of Mottram creeps up to the church that stands high above it, looking forth like a stern sentinel on the "Tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus." After walking a little more than a mile we come to the entrance of the village, and walk up its main street. The houses are of stone, heavily roofed with slabs of the same material, for this is a wild and windy place in winter. Most of them are old and time-worn, and bear a certain fossilized appearance. Here is one standing back within a railed enclosure, with mullioned windows and massive stone porch bearing the date 1694. The good folk of Mottram would seem much devoted to the worship of Bacchus to judge by the number of public-houses we

1788. When, at the close of the last century Dr. Aikin wrote his description of the country thirty miles round Manchester, he commenced with Mottram, and therein records the fact that there were then eight public-houses in the village and eighteen in the neighbourhood, a proportion which he held to be much too large for the population, and so do we.

Passing by a quaint looking apothecary's shop with queer looking bottles in its old-fashioned bow-windows and a cat sleeping in the sunshine outside, then round to the left by a school house with an inscription over its door to the effect, that "manners makyth man," we climb some steep and lofty flights of stairs and are above the chimneys of the houses and within the churchyard. It occupies the level summit of an eminence some five hundred feet or more above the sea-level, open to all the winds of heaven. From this eminence we can see far and wide down the dale and to the vast amphitheatre of hills which surround it. Looking back by the way we have come to the left of Werneth Lowe is the Marple Valley and the tower of Marple church. Bringing the eye round from this point on the Derbyshire side is Charlesworth Neck, throwing out a sharp headland point against the sky, and on which lies our way to the Peak. Still farther northward is Glossop Vale, with the dark moorlands and rugged ridges of the shelf (where the snow sometimes lingers in the crevices till June) stretching away to Featherbed Moss and round to the hills about Woodhead and the Yorkshire border. That hill in the foreground, with the sloping grassy shoulder crested with trees, is Spire Hollin with the remains of Mouselow Castle on the summit. On the Lancashire side is seen Staley Brushes, the hill sides dotted with plantations, homesteads, and stone quarries. Looking forward down the valley we see Hollingworth and Tintwistle, and on the right the Dinting Viaduct. The stream which winds along is the Etherow, which here divides Derbyshire from Cheshire, sometimes called the Mersey, but not properly so until it has taken to itself the waters of the Goyt. On the banks of this stream there are mills with tall chimneys sending out clouds of smoke over the moors in the far hill recesses of which there once arose the smoke from Druid altars. Looked at from this picturesque point of view these mills and the forlorn looking cottages that cluster about them, sadly mar the prospect. One is apt sometimes, in spite of one's better judgment, to grumble a little at the monetary asceticism which seems to care so little for natural beauty. "We do not come here to look at the mountains," said the thriving manufacturers of Rochdale to Mr. Ruskin, and we doubt not the mill-owners of this Etherow Valley would say the same. However, if this golden age, as some one has said, is to be a *Mill*-enium, we suppose the present transformation of things is right.

Turning from the farther prospect to the nearer graveyard

> And the cold Hic Jacets of the dead

we walk among the graves that literally pave the limited space within the walls, and extend to the new cemetery below. There are many old dates among them—the oldest of which is 1649. One solitary tree there is

> Which graspeth at the stones
> That name the underlying dead,
> Whose fibres net the dreamless head,
> Whose roots are wrapt about the bones.

The church, renewed at various periods, is of very ancient foundation, the registers dating back some four centuries. The style is later English, and it is built of hard grey pebble stone, with lofty embattled tower. A sweet-toned bell is tolling for a funeral, and the church is open, so we enter. The first glance reveals to us a pile

> Not framed to nice proportions,
> But large and massy; for duration built,
> With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
> By naked rafters intricately crossed
> Like leafless underboughs. * * The floor
> Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
> Is occupied by oaken benches ranged
> In seemly rows.

Just beyond the porch is a rude font of rough-hewn stone, shaped like a tub, with a heavy wooden lid, which seems to have done baptismal duty for generations of dalesmen. Passing along the south aisle we come upon a little chapel enclosed by a magnificently carved oak screen, and containing luxuriously canopied stalls in striking contrast to the plain unvarnished pews. This space belonged to the Earls of Stamford, but was disposed of along with lands in the neighbourhood to the present owner, who, we understand, has spent some seven hundred pounds in its adornment, and after a process of litigation has established his right to its possession. Within this chapel is an ancient tomb with stone figures of a knight in armour and a lady, generally supposed to be the effigies of one Ralph Staley and his wife. At the east end is a fine stained window, and to the left of the chancel a handsome recumbent marble figure of Sergeant Bretland. Passing from the church and out at the south gate we come upon some old ruined houses with rent walls and bare rafters, which stand as they did when De Wint sketched that fine view of the church which may be seen in the copy of Ormrod's *Cheshire* in the Camp Field library.

Our way now lies down a pleasant road to the right, which takes us to Broadbottom, distant about a mile. Arrived there we find ourselves in a deep valley with steep declivites and precipitous rock ledges. Below us is the Etherow, with mills and houses clustered on its banks, and on the opposite side beyond here green fields and undulating slopes with little dells and plantations of trees and wave-worn hollows suggestive of the period when this was all sea bottom. High upon the hill side is the village of Charlesworth with its square, sturdy church tower. We pass along beneath the railway and by the great viaduct that spans the ravine. That romantic little gorge formed within the central piers is Cat Tors, whose steep, tree-fringed sides hang frowningly over the old mill which stands by the stream below. We cross the river bridge and are in Derbyshire. Up the steep hill we climb, past the church and the village, to the dissenting chapel, which stands high above the farthest habitation and on the edge of the moorland. Working away to the right of this, and coming to a road that looks like the dry bed of a torrent, we come to the edge of the famous Coombs. We are on the craggy verge of a crescent-shaped terrace more than thirteen hundred feet above the sea level. From here we can see Stirrup and Stirrup Beaches, and Ludworth Moor, and Longdendale, with its reservoirs, and far down into Cheshire; and when the atmosphere is clear, as it is sometimes, even to Chester and the sea and to the mountains of Wales.

Turning our backs upon this the whole scene changes. Hitherto we have never been out of sight of a factory chimney; but now not one is to be seen. Before us stretch the long weary miles of hill and moor, solemn and silent save for the cry of the curlew or the sharp whirr of startled grouse. It may be there are those who regard such endless repetition of hill and moor as monotonous, but it depends upon the eyes we bring to it whether it is so or not. Kingsley has said that in fifteen miles of moorland he found the inexhaustible materials of all possible physical science. Feast of colour there is indeed in the sweep of these green pastures, bare and treeless, as in those dark cypress-like fir woods on the hill slopes and that great sea of heather and grouse cover spreading far up into the mountains that rise, fold over fold into the central heart of the Peak.

Striking down across Matley Moor we reach the Monk's Road below, and we follow it until, at the Abbot's Chair, it joins the road from Glossop to Hayfield. Turning to the right, after a couple of miles' walk downward into the valley, past cottages, plantations, wooded dells and park land, with the Chinley Hills and Eccles Pike in the far distance in front, and green glade to the rights showing Lyme Chase and Lyme Cage, we drop down into Hayfield, which lies at the foot of Kinder Scout, the highest point in the Peak. At the Royal Hotel we find a comfortable inn and a civil and obliging host.

DOUBTFUL PASSAGES IN SHAKESPERE.

MORE than half a century ago, a work entitled *Shakespere's Genius Justified* issued from the press, and after having cumbered the publisher's shelves for many a year, was finally buried under gradually accumulating dust. A few copies escaped the general doom. Now and then a literary book-worm eat his way into their pages, or some theatrical critic of the great bard, dissatisfied with his own interpretations, pilfered from these half-forgotten treasuries. The labours of the author, however, deserved a happier fate. He proposed to give restorations and illustrations of no less than seven hundred passages, many of which are as simple as ingenious, and whether they are

or are not Shakespere's lost words restored, they give sense and spirit to passages hitherto weak and obscure. On the other hand, we are compelled to admit that a large proportion of his so-called restorations are needless, unsatisfactory, and absolutely conjectural. In the present paper we propose to say something of the writer, and give two or three favourable samples of his workmanship.

Zachary Jackson was a printer and publisher, and probably unsuccessful in his vocation. What circumstances induced to quit his native land we know not, but misfortune still appears to have dogged his steps as he passed eleven years in a French prison. Whether the amenities practised towards Englishmen during the early days of the consulate and empire ruined his temper seems uncertain; at all events the preface to his work shows him to have been a superlatively irritable specimen of the *genus irritabile*, charging with equal valour the critics who noticed him and the public who neglected him. The truth of his illustrations have a professional origin. As a printer he was familiar with the modes in which compositors fall into error, and applied the knowledge with great originality, pointing out in all his emendations "how the error arose." That the reader may see how easily one letter can be introduced into the proofs for another, our author gives a sketch of a pair of "letter cases," by referring to which it will be found "how close the connection is between certain types which, when in their respective boxes, the least shaking of the frame whereon the cases rest must scatter into the neighbouring compartment." When Shakespere wrote, the art of printing was in its infancy; the workmen, moreover, were often ignorant men, and, as Jackson tells us, "every work then produced displayed innumerable typographical blunders." In his opinion the Swan of Avon never sang out of time and tune. The obscurities and weaknesses that so frequently mar the harmony of the text were not his; they were printers' errors. In fact, the bard was a stainless martyr doomed to be tormented by the imps of the office till a great magician called Zachary should arise and lay them for ever in the Black Sea. It is now time to give a few extracts from "The Mighty Book," in which, like Michael Scott, he has written down his charms.

In *Macbeth*, Act 4th, Scene 1st, we read.

1st WITCH.—Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.
2nd WITCH.—Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.
3rd WITCH.—*Harper* cries—"'Tis time, 'tis time."

The witches are standing round the cauldron, waiting for certain indications that the spell is complete, noting to each other the expected signs in order of their occurrence. Thus the first witch tells her sisters—

Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.

The second hag vouches for her accuracy by repeating the word, "Thrice," and proceeds to note the second signal for which they waited, viz.:—

And once the hedge-pig whined.

Instantly, we may assume the magical number is completed by her uttering two more sounds, when the third witch deeming the spell wound up, adds,—

Harper cries—"'Tis time, 'tis time."

But "who is this master spirit that inaugurates the infernal ceremony," Mr. Jackson asks. Mr. Stevens conjectures him to have been one of the dark fraternity, but it seems that no work on the black art ever mentions such a demon. "It is almost unnecessary to say," remarks the ingenious illustrator, "that the transcriber who wrote, probably as another person recited, mistook the sound of the words, and for *Hark her*, wrote *Harper*; the line, therefore, should stand thus—

Hark her cries—"'Tis time, 'tis time."

Now, whether Mr. Jackson be right or wrong in his conclusions, few, we apprehend, will be disposed to deny the neatness and originality of the assumed emendation.

Again, in Act 1st, Scene 3rd, we read—

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be evil—cannot be good?

"What, then, can it be? I am convinced," continues Mr. Jackson, "our author wrote—

Cannot be evil. *Can it* be good?"

Macbeth at this time was not the hardened villain he subsequently became. He ponders over the nature and origin of the communications received from the weird sisters. He wishes to accept them, and endeavours to convince himself that he may do so by the argument—

If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success?

At this point he pauses, as a horrible doubt crosses his mind, and asks, "Can it be good?" The compositor, having just put together the word cannot, and perhaps charging his memory with the line, might easily have made the mistake which Mr. Jackson believes he has illustrated. We dare not trespass on the reader's patience longer than will suffice to give him one more example, and in doing so shall turn to *Othello*, Act 4th, Scene 3rd—

My mother had a maid called Barbara,
She was in love; and he she loved proved *mad*,
And did forsake her.

Had Barbara's lover been really mad the image would lose half its point, as he then would not have been justly deemed guilty of fickleness or perfidy. The figure alludes to the misery Desdemona feels from the changed affections of her dusky lord. In a subsequent part of the act she exclaims—

O, these men, these men!

The "d" compartment being exactly over that of the "n," the types might have been mixed. Such, at least, was the view of Mr. Zachary Jackson, who thought the lines should read—

She was in love; and he she loved proved man,
And did forsake her.

The like meaning is conveyed in Balthazar's song in *Much Ado about Nothing*,

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.

WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

DIGNITARIES, clerical and lay, have often and at great length discussed the to them important problem of why people do not go to church, without having as yet arrived at any satisfactory conclusion or solution. Perhaps by considering the equally abstruse enquiry as to the motives which prompt or actuate the comparative few who do go to church some clue may be obtained, which, followed up, may lead ultimately to one analysis of both questions.

Well, a great many churchgoers—and, of course, we include chapelgoers too—go to church because it is "the thing" to do so. Socially, one loses caste by systematically ignoring public worship, and so may a goodly number of attendants be accounted for. Then comes a large class who go to church because they are compelled to do so. This class will include servants and apprentices, children and schools. A weary time they have of it, and very dreary and unrefreshing does it make religion and all its belongings to these unwilling souls. Next may be counted the old men and women, and young widows, who patronize the church because it patronizes them, and who partly live on their share of the offertory. Their numbers depend on the district and the sum of money at the disposal of the clergyman, his curates, and district visitors. After the large moiety in each congregation which is comprised in the above enumerated classes, there remain a small few, the salt of the congregation, who go to church because they really feel and experience a delight in being there. A day in the church's courts is better to them than a thousand, and to them the prayers are indeed living realities, not mere formularies, to be borne as tedious but necessary inflictions.

Perhaps yet another reason for going to church may be found in the old Latin grammar example, *spectatur veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipse*, and this is true of men as well as women. Both go to see, and both equally go that they may be seen, and their religion is like their Sunday finery, put on only to be taken off again on Monday, or rather Sunday night. Perhaps nothing militates so much against all manly idea of true religious worship as the pretending to offer up prayers as miserable sinners in immaculate gloved hands, faultless trousers, and dainty fitting boots.

It would have been a curious speculation to have enquired into the reasons the working man has for going to church, but as the working man does not go to church such enquiry would begin and end with a

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STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	FARES. To Dunford & back.		To Wortley & back.		To Oughty Bridge & back.		To Sheffield & back.	
		First Class	Covd. Carr.	First Class	Covd. Carr.	First Class	Covd. Carr.	First Class	Covd. Carr.
	a.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER (London-road) at	8 30								
Ardwick ..... "	8 38								
OLDHAM (Clegg-st.), "	7 55	3	0 1	6 3	0 1	9 4	0 2	0 5	0 2 6
Guide Bridge ..... "	8 45								
Newton ..... "	8 53								
GLOSSOP ..... "	8 56	2	0 1	0 3	0 1	6 3	0 1	0 4	0 2 0
Dinting ..... "	9 3								

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	FARES. To Worksop & back.		To Retford & back.		To Lincoln & back.	
		First Class	Covd. Carr.	First Class	Covd. Carr.	First Class	Covd. Carr.
	a.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER (London-road) at	8 30						
Ardwick ..... "	8 38						
OLDHAM (Clegg-st.) ..... "	7 35	3	0 2	0 7	0 3	0 8	0 4 0
Guide Bridge ..... "	8 45						
Newton ..... "	8 53						
GLOSSOP ..... "	8 55	5	0 3	0 6	0 3	0 7	0 3 6
Dinting ..... "	9 3						

For particulars of Return see Bills, to be had at the Station.

London Road Station, Manchester, May, 1871. R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

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	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
*MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0	6 0	4 6
GUIDE BRIDGE.....	9 0	6 6	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE.....	9 0	6 6	5 0	3 6
STOCKPORT(Tev. Dale)	8 6	6 0	5 0	3 6

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(commencing May 22, 1871).
NORTH WALES,
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